THE Devil upon two Sticks: OR, THE TOWN UNTIL'D:

With the Comical Humours of *Don Stulto*, and *Siegnior Jingo*: As it is Acted in *Pinkeman's* Booth in *May-Fair*.

London, Printed by *J. R.* near *Fleet-street*, 1708.

The Devil upon Two Sticks. A Comedy, &c.

ONE Night in *October*, when thick darkneſs had over-ſpread the famous City of *Madrid*, the People inclin'd to their Repoſe, had left the Streets to free the Lovers to ſing their Pains or Pleaſures under the Balconies of their Miſtreſſes, when *Don Stulto*, a young Amorous Scholar, very nimbly made his way out of a Garret Window of a Houſe where *Cupid* the young Son of *Cytherean* Goddeſs had drawn him: Being purſu'd by Four Bullies that ſought his Life, into another empty Garret; he immediately look't about him, and was a little ſurpriz'd to find no Body there, and a Lamp hung to the Ceiling. He ſaw Books and Papers in Confuſion on the Table, Spheres and Compaſſes on the one ſide, and Viols and Quadrants on the other; by which he concluded under this Roof liv'd ſome Aſtrologer, which uſually retir'd hither to make his Obſervations. Preſently he heard a deep Sigh break out juſt by him, which a little ſtartled him; he took it at firſt for a Nocturnal Illuſion, or Imaginary Phantom, but hearing a ſecond Sigh, it made him cry out, *What Devil is it which Sighs here.* 'Tis I Seignior *Stulto*, anſwers a Voice. I have been Three Years enclos'd in one of theſe Bottles. In this Houſe lives a Skilful Magician, who by the Power of his Art, has kept me ſo long ſhut up in this cloſe Priſon. You are a Spirit then, ſaid *Don Stulto*, ſomewhat confus'd, I am a *Dæmon*, reply'd the Voice, and you are come very opportunely to free me from Slavery and Bondage. But what can you do for me, My Spirit, ſays *Don Stulto*. I can do thee many Services ſays the Voice, make Ridiculous Matches, and Marry Old Grey Beards to Raw Girls under Age; Maſters to their Maids, Virgins of low Fortune to Lovers that have none: 'Tis I that have introduced into the World Luxury, Debauchery, Hazardous Games and Chimiſtry: I am the Inventer of Carouſes, Dancings, Muſick, Plays, and all new *French* Faſhions: In a word, I am the Celebrated *Aſmodeo Fingo* Surnam'd, *The Devil upon Two Sticks*, and I will help thee in thy Amours. 'Tis enough. Seignior *Fingo*, ſays *Don Stulto*; but when I have releas'd you, have you no Trick to make me pay for the broken Vials and Pots. On the contrary, reply'd the *Dæmon*, you will be pleas'd with my Acquaintance, I will learn you whatever you are deſirous to know, inform you all things which happen in the World, and diſcover to you all the Faults of Mankind: I promiſe you will al to revenge you on your Miſtreſs, who had Four Ruffians to ſurprize you, and force you to Marry her. *Don Stulto* charm'd above with this laſt promiſe, haſten'd to accompliſh his agreement, and taking the Bottle and throwing it againſt the Ground, out came Seignior *Fingo*, a very ſurprizing Figure, about two Foot and a half high, reſting upon two Crutches, with Goats Legs, a long Viſage

ſharp Chin, a yellow and black Complexion, a very flat Noſe, and Eyes that ſeem'd like two lighted Coals.

The *Dæmon* obſerving that the ſight of him did not very well agree with *Don Stulto*, ſmiling ſaid, well Seignior, you ſee the Sovereign Ruler, the God of Hearts, what think you of my Beauty and Air? Why indeed, replies *Don Stulto*, I muſt needs ſay, I cannot much praiſe your Features, I confeſs you are ſomewhat ugly, but what of that, if you make good your Promiſe to me. Come then, ſays the *Dæmon*, take hold of my Cloak, and fear nothing, however dangerous it appear; wherefore he took as good hold as he could of the *Dæmon*, who carried him out of the Window.

Jingo was not in the wrong when he boaſted his Agility; he cleft the Air with as much Rapidity as an Arrow from a Bow, and pearch'd on St. *Saviour*'s Steeple. When gotten on his Feet, he ſaid to *Don Stulto*, Well, Signior *Leandro*, when Men are in a very uneaſie, hobling Coach, and cry out, *This is a Coach for the Devil!* do you now think they ſpeak Truth or not? I have juſt experienc'd the Fallity of that Saying, anſwer'd *Don Stulto* very gallantly, and can affirm the Devil's to be not only a very eaſie Carriage, but alſo ſo expeditious, that no body can be tir'd on the Road. Very well, reply'd the *Dæmon*; but you don't know why I brought you hither. I intend from this high Place to ſhew you whatever is at preſent done in *Madrid*. By my Diabolical Power I will lift off the Roofs of the Houſes, and notwithſtanding the Darkneſs of the Night, clearly expoſe to your View whatever is now under them. At theſe Words he only extended his right Arm, and all the Roofs of the Honſes ſeem'd remov'd; and the Scholar ſaw the Inſides of 'em as plainly as it was poſſible at Noon-day.

This View was too ſurprizing not to employ all his Attention; his Eyes run thro' all Parts of the City, and the Variety which ſurrounded him, was ſufficient to engage his Curioſity for a long time. Signior Student, ſaid the *Dæmon*, this confuſion of Objects, which you ſurvey with ſo much Pleaſure, affords really a very charming Proſpect; but in order to furniſh you with a perfect Knowledge of Human Life, it is neceſſary to explain to you what all thoſe People, which you ſee, are doing. I will diſcloſe to you the Springs of their Actions, and their moſt Secret Thoughts.

Prithee, ſaid the Scholar, ſince you are ſo kind a Devil, let me a little look about me from this mighty Precipice, whereon we ſit with ſo much Security. What a very agreeable mixture of Perſons and Things do theſe numberleſs Candles and Torches, round this great City, preſent to us? What pretty Arts Men have to extend their Lives, and double their Joys, by this Day of their own making? 'Tis methinks, an Argument of the Greatneſs of Human Life, That the Wit of Men is never at reſt, but always hurried on in ſearch of ſomething to give it ſelf a Satisfaction, which cannot be drawn from meer natural Occurrences, but muſt be rais'd from the Embel-

liſhments of Arts, the Entertainment of Inventions, and—— The Devil had not Patience, but immediately interrupted the Harrangue *Don Stulto* was going into, and told him; Sir, if you deſire our Converſation ſhall not be meerly a Ramble, like the Labour of ſilly Travellers, who fill their Heads with Admiration, and neglect Knowledge, let me beſeech you to wait for my Opinion of what you ſee before you commend it. The ſpacious Streets taken up with various Buſineſs and Hurry, the different Ways you ſee Equipages, laden Carriages, and Crowds of People moving by Candle-light, make you fall into Applauſes of the Induſtry of Man, when at the ſame time I muſt tell you there is not one Perſon in all that Crowd who had not better be faſt aſleep, than employ'd as you ſee him, if you knew what he was going about, and what is the Motive of Actions.

Dæmon, reply'd the Scholar, you and I are of ſo new Acquaintance, and the Profeſſion you are of has ſo ill a Reputation for Sincerity, that I am at a Loſs, both as to what kind of Things you really think laudable, and as to your Veracity in ſpeaking your real Sentiments of what you applaud. Scholar, ſaid the *Dæmon*, we ſhall ſpeak of Things and Perſons, as they ſhall ſtand in the Order of Nature. A Man is to be commended for what that Man ought to do; and a Thing is valuable for the Uſe it is deſign'd for; by which plain way of thinking, Objects keep their Place in the Opinion, whether the Obſerver be a Devil, a Saint, a Philoſopher, or a Peaſant. Before this Light it is, that grave Politicians of twenty, airy Girls of fifty, languiſhing Lovers at ſixty, and all Perſons who affect Characters unſeanoble to their time of Day; I ſay, before this Light it is, that all Varniſh diſappears, and Youth then is only Graceful when it becomes its Pleaſures, and Age when it conſults its Eaſe.

The Scholar was ſtill entertaining his Eyes in the groſs, with the Variety of Objects before him, and enjoying the Pleaſure of looking into the Houſes which his Companion had unril'd, when an aſſembly very regularly diſpos'd in one of 'em had fix'd his Attention: He communicated his Satisfaction to his Familiar; who immediately aſſum'd a new Air and Mein, and told him, with an unuſual Chearfulneſs, that he was glad he lik'd an Ædifice in which he had a particular Intereſt. That Structure, ſaid he, is a Theatre, the Maſter of which is ſo near a Relation of mine, that I may call it my own Houſe upon that Foundation, as well as that it is the conſtant Scene of Love-Adventures, of which I am Preſident. I ſee, quoth *Stulto*, a pretty ſmug Gent'leman ſtand behind the Scenes, with a Cane in his Hand, of a wrinkled Countenance, but an amorous briskiſh Eye: he looks, methinks, as if he had formerly been an old Man, and there is ſomething ſo particularly reſembling your ſelf in the Novelty of his Addreſs, that I preſume he is the Kinſman you boaſt of. Sir, anſwer'd *Fingo*, your Conjecture is juſt; that is Signior *Divito*: You are to underſtand, continu'd he, the Figure you there obſerve is

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win-Brother of mine, and lay with me in the ſame Cradle, when a
ertain Emiſſary of the Kingdom of Darkneſs came and ſurvey'd us
oth; me he obſerv'd to be the more Plegmatick, and conſequently
hought I ſhould ſtand in need of continual Inſtigation to Evil, there-
ore he took me off to make a Devil, and left my Brother to be bred
n Attorny, in which Way we are ſure of Mens Services all their
ives, and their Company at the End of 'em. But what has an At-
orney to do with the Stage? interrupted *Don Stulto*. Sir, reply'd
ingo, an Attorney has hold of any Thing or Perſon with which he
an join his Name in a Parchment: My Brother had theſe Premiſes
or ever fix'd to him by an Inſtrument which Men call a Mortgage,
ith this peculiar Clauſe, That the Land is for ever paying, but is
ever to diſcharge it ſelf, which is a Prerogative they of the Facul-
y have above all other Men; for Lawyers, like Prieſts, can purchaſe
ut not alienate. This my Brother is the neweſt Character upon
arth, an hopeful Old Man, and I doubt not before he is Seventy
e'll make Love with as good an Air as the beſt of 'em. He has
holly bid farewel to his duſty Parchments, and uſes his Arts as an
ttorney, but merely as the Pit-falls and Trap-doors on his Stage,
hich ſerve at once to make his own Eſcape, and catch his Purſuers.
Well, quoth *Don Stulto*, of all Men living give me the Life of Sig-
ior *Divito*: Such Company to viſit him! ſuch a Seraglio to attend
im! I may ſay it without Vanity, quoth *Jingo*, my Brother has as
reat an Influence on the Pains and Joys of Lovers, as any Being
elow my ſelf in the Univerſe: But ſuch is the Ingratitude of Man-
ind, that all his Cares are neglected. Did you but ſee him in his
pectacles examining the tender Hams of a young Dancer, the
eaving Boſom of an Actreſs to be bred to Tragedy; in ſhort, the
onſtant Correſpondencies the painful Labourer is forc'd to keep with
ll the idle Part of Mankind, both Foreign and Domeſtick, you would
wn him to be the *Machiavil* for the State of Love. He can tell you
s ſoon as any Spirit of us all, how long ſuch a young Virgin will
old out againſt ſuch an importunate Lover, how ſoon that Lover
ill be weary of her, and conſequently ſhe fall under his Dominions. to Act and Propagate the Paſſion which Undid her. I am very
lad my dear Scholar, you fix'd your Eye there, for a Theatre is the
ueſt Picture of Human Life; and the Men who make the greateſt
igures in the World, are no more what they ſeem, than that little
iminitive Fellow taking off his Buskins and Feathers in the Tyring-
oom, is the Hero you ſaw juſt now on the Stage. To make it
et more like the World, do you look on yonder Couch, and ſee how
Lucrece and *Tarquin* agree behind the Scenes. Such is the Force of
iſtance, and well manag'd Impoſture, that the Pitch and Roſin that
ellow it mixing will appear to the Audience Lightning, and the
olling that Nine-Pin Bowl makes him a Thunderer: In a Word,
he Stage may repreſent to you in the moſt lively Colours the Diſtin-

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ctions and Manners among Men. This only muſt be ſaid for the Play-houſe, that it is much leſs a Cheat than the World: For the Actor muſt have the Mein, the Geſture, the Look, the Voice, and the whole Behaviour of the Hero whom he perſonates, while the Mock-Worthy, which Fortune gives you very often, in every Step he makes it out of his Character, and ſhows you he either never knew, or has forgot what is really his Part. To give you then inſtances of the Impoſture in each Place, turn from the Play-Houſe, and look elſewhere.

Obſerve then firſt of all, in the Houſe on the Right Hand, that old Wretch telling his Gold and Silver; he is a Covetous Man: 'Tis ſurprizing to ſee with what Pleaſure that old Fool contemplates his Riches! he can never ſatiate himſelf. But at the ſame time ſee what his Heirs are doing in the next Chamber, they are conſulting a Witch to know when he ſhall Die. In the next Houſe obſerve that ſuperannuated Coquet going to Bed, after leaving her Hair, Eye-Brows and Teeth on her Toilet. Do you ſee a little farther, that amorous Dotard of ſixty juſt come from making Love? He has already laid down his Eye, falſe Whiskers, and hid his bald Pate, and expects his Man to take off his Wooden Arm and Leg, in order to go to Bed with the reſt.

Caſt your Eyes on that Magnificent Palace, you will there ſee a great Lord laid in a ſplendid Apartment, with a Casket full of *Billet-doux*, which he continually reads to lull him aſleep the more pleaſantly: They come from the Lady which he adores, who put him to ſuch an Expence, that he will ſoon be reduc'd to ſollicit for a Vice-Royalty to ſuppott himſelf. In the next Houſe on the left is *Donna Fabula*, who has juſt ſent for a Midwife, and is going to preſent her Husband *Don Torribio* with an Heir. Are not you charm'd with that Gentleman's good Nature? The Cries of his dear Half-ſelf pierce his Soul, he is wounded with Grief, and ſuffers as much as ſhe; with what Care and Earneſtneſs doth he labour to help her! Really, ſaid the Schollar, the Man is in a great Fatigue; but in Reward of all his Pains, I diſcern another which Sleeps very ſoundly in the ſame Houſe, without being at all concern'd at the Succeſs of this Affair. The Buſineſs yet relates to him, ſaid the Cripple, he is the Domeſtick that has occaſion'd all thoſe Pains his Lady endures. Beyond ſee that Hypocrite rubbing himſelf all over with Coach-wheel Greaſe, in order to go to a Meeting of Sorcerers this Night betwixt St. *Sebaſtians* and *Fontarabia*. I would carry you thither this Minute, to oblige you with that pleaſant Diverſion, if I was not afraid of the Devil, who perſonates the *He-Goat* there. He is a Raſcal that would betray me, and would not fail to adviſe our Magician of my Flight. That Devil and you then, ſaid the Schollar, are not very good Friends. Far from it, reply'd *Zingo*; for about two Years ſince we fell out at *Paris*, about a Gentleman's Son, [illegible] th

e Diſpoſal of whom we both pretended: He would have made im a Factor, and I would have had him a very fortunate Man; ut our Comerades, to end the Diſpute, made a Monk of him, fter this we were reconcil'd, and embrac'd, ever ſince which we ave been mortal Enemies.

Let's leave this fine Aſſembly, ſaid *Don Stulto*, and purſue our Exmination of what is doing in this City. Content, reply'd the Devil; let's then laugh a little at the old Muſician ſinging a paſſionate ong to his young Wife. He would fain have her admire the Tune hich he hath juſt compos'd; but ſhe likes the Words better, beauſe made, and given to her Husband to ſet, by a fine Gentleman hat loves her. Let us deliver our ſelves with that.—Stay, I beſeech ou, interrupted *Don Stulto*, firſt pray tell me, what mean thoſe parks of Fire which iſſue out of the Cave? It is, reply'd the Cripple, one of the moſt fooliſh amongſt all the Works of Men. He hat you ſee in that Cave, at the burning Furnace, is an *Alchimiſt*, hoſe Patrimony the Fire will conſume by ſlow degrees, and he ill never find what he ſpends it in ſearch of; for, betwixt you and the *Philoſophers Stone* is no more than a *fine Chimæra*, that I my lf forg'd, to divert my ſelf with Human Underſtadning, which ould paſs the Bounds preſcrib'd to it. And who, reply'd the Schor, are thoſe Women that I ſee at a Table in the next Houſe? hey are two famous Curtiſans, return'd the Devil, and thoſe two entlemen who are committing a Debauch with them, are two of e greateſt Lords of the Court. Ah! how charming and engaging ey ſeem, ſaid *Don Stulto*. I don't wonder that Perſons of Quality llow them; how they embrace them? They muſt certainly be eeply in Love with them? Ah! how young and inexperienc'd you e? reply'd the Spirit; you don't know this ſort of Ladies, their earts are more painted than their Faces. Whatever Marks of enderneſs they expreſs, they have not any Concern for thoſe Lords; ey careſs them to obtain a Protection of one, and a Settlement of e other. All Coquets are the ſame, and tho' Men very fairly ruin emſelves for them, they are not the more lov'd by them; but on e contrary, whoever pays for Love is treated like a Husband; this a Law in Amorous Intrigues, which I my ſelf have eſtabliſh'd. ut let's leave thoſe Noblemen to taſte the Pleaſures which they ſo early purchaſe, whilſt their Footmen, who wait for 'em in the reet, comfort themſelves with the pleaſing Expectation of enjoyg them *gratis*.

Caſt your Eye a little farther on that *Honeſt Apothecary*, his Wife nd Man, who are all at work in their Shop in this late Hour. Do ou know what they are doing? The Maſter is preparing a Prolick Pill for an old Advocate that is to be Marry'd to Morrow; the ſan is making ready a Laxative Barley Decoction, and the Woman beating aſtringent Drugs in the Mortar. In the oppoſite Houſe,

ſaid the Scholar, I ſee a Man getting out of his Bed, and dreſſing great haſte. It is, anſwer'd the Spirit, a Phyſician riſing on a ver preſſing occaſion. He is ſent for to a Devotee, who Cough twice or thrice within an Hour after he went to Bed.

In the next Houſe lives a famous Bookſeller, he Printed a Boo that went off very well a little while ago. When he bought it he pro miſ'd to give the Author fifty Piſtoles on a Second Edition; and h Dreams now of reprinting it without giving him any Notice of Ah! does he ſo? ſays *Don Stulto*; I don't doubt but this Dream wi prove one of the trueſt that ever he had in his Life. I am acquainte with thoſe worthy Gentlemen, the Bookſellers; they make no ma ner of Conſcience of cheating their Authors. The *Dæmon* anſwer Very true; but you ſhould ſpeak what you know of thoſe worth Gentlemen the Authors too. Upon my Word, they have no mo Conſcience than the Bookſellers.

In another Houſe coutinu'd he, I ſee a timerous reſpectful Lov who is juſt awake. He is in Love with a brisk young Widow, a dream'd that he had her in the middle of a Wood, where he ſa abundance of ſoft Things to her, and ſhe to him: As, *Ah! there no reſiſting you; I ſhou'd yield to you if I was not on my Guard againſt Mankind; they are ſo falſe, I dare not truſt them upon their Words, I am Actions. What Actions, Madam,* reply'd the Lover, *do you require of m Muſt I undertake the Twelve Labours of* Hercules *to ſhew my Love? N no,* Don Nicaſio, ſays the Lady, *I don't demand any ſuch thing of you, only*—— And then he awoke. Pray, ſays the Scholar, tell me wh the Man, who is aſleep in yonder dark-colour'd Bed, talks to himſe as if he was poſſeſs'd. The Devil anſwer'd, Oh! that's a notable L centiate, who is in a Dream, that puts him in a terrible Agitation 'tis no leſs than that he's in a Diſpute, and maintaining the Immort lity of the Soul againſt an old Phyſician. Near the Licentiate liv a Player, dreaming that he's talking inſolently to an Author, who the while Complimenting him. In yon Inn I obſerve two Me whoſe Dreams I muſt by no means omit. One of them is an I *dor* of the Academy *de la Cruſca*; he Dreams that he's reading a ba Poem, he has written to ſome of his Society, who mightily commen it out of Ignorance or Flattery. The other is a Gentleman of *Eſtr madura*, nam'd *Don Ballazar Fan Farrerirco*, who is come Poſt Court, to demand a Reward for having kill'd a *Portugueze* with Blunderbuſs; he Dreams that they have given him a Viceroyſhi and yet he is not ſatisfy'd.

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Diego was about continuing his Obſervations, but he was ſuddenly taken wi a *Friſſon*, which hinder'd him; the Scholar ask'd why he ſhook ſo: Ah! repl the *Dæmon*, Signior *Don Stulto*, I am undone. The Conjurer who kept me in Bottle, has found out that I am flown; he calls me, he threatens me, he conju ſo forcibly that all Hell rings with it. I muſt obey him, I will carry you back your Apartment, and thence fly to the wretched Garret from whence you brou me. In ending theſe Words he embrac'd the Scholar, took him up, wafted h to his Chamber, and vaniſh'd.

FINIS.